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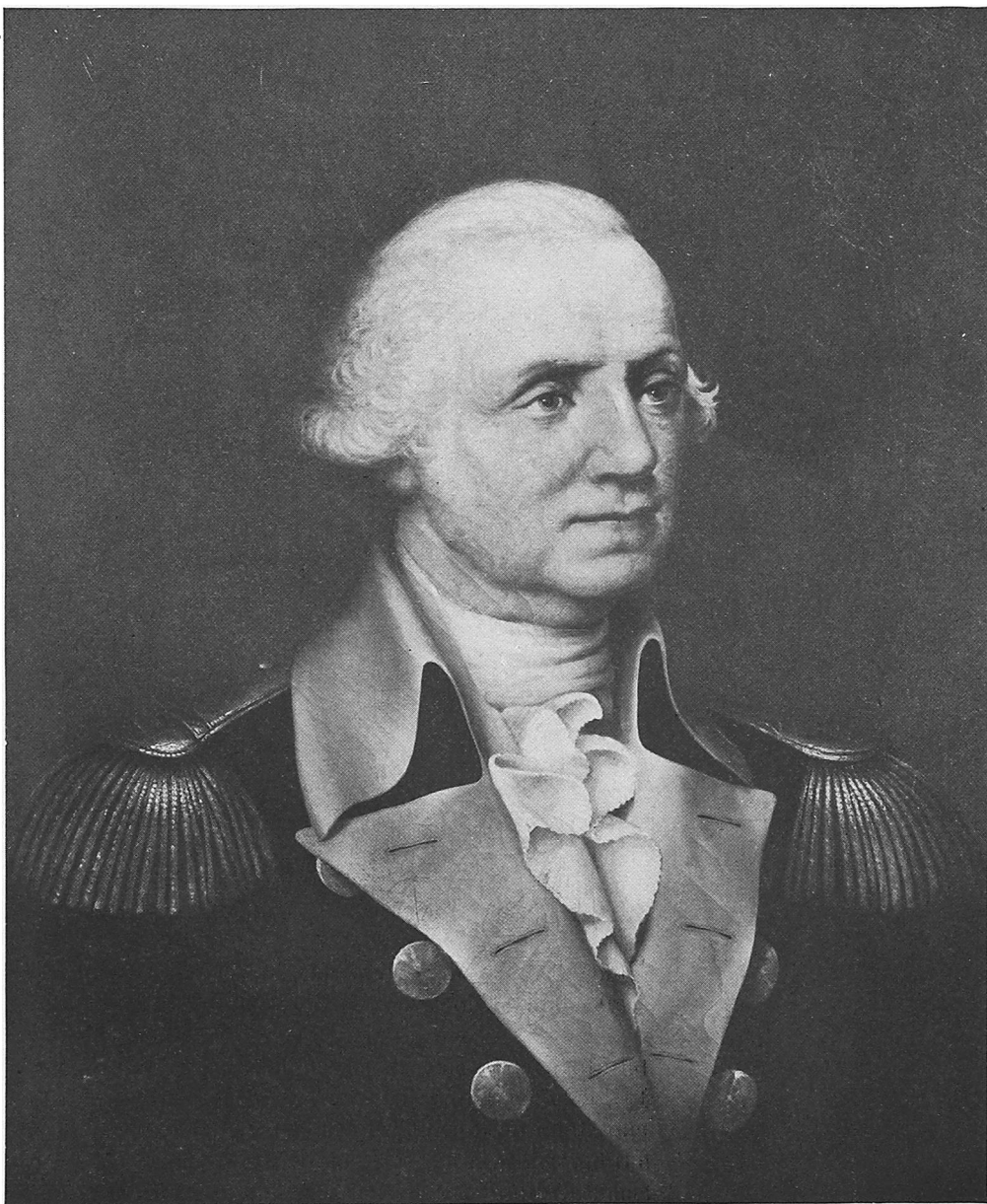
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PORTRAIT OF GENERAL GEORGE WASHINGTON  
By REMBRANDT PEALE

The portrait and miniature and seal of this great man are from one of the most remarkable collections of Washington relics ever gathered together. These are now on exhibition at the Anderson Galleries, New York, by Mr. William Lanier Washington, a direct descendant of two brothers of the great general, who has inherited many of these relics from his family and collected the rest from most reliable sources, and who, being childless and having no near relatives to inherit, has decided to disperse the collections that they may be cared for permanently by public institutions or cherished by patriotic private collectors. They should be acquired by the government for a museum or to enrich Mt. Vernon, where alone can things to match them be observed. Possessing, as they do, a national character, they are like crown jewels, things which should belong to the State.



LEDA  
By Paul Cézanne

—Collection Pellerin

## Cezanne and His Place in Impressionism

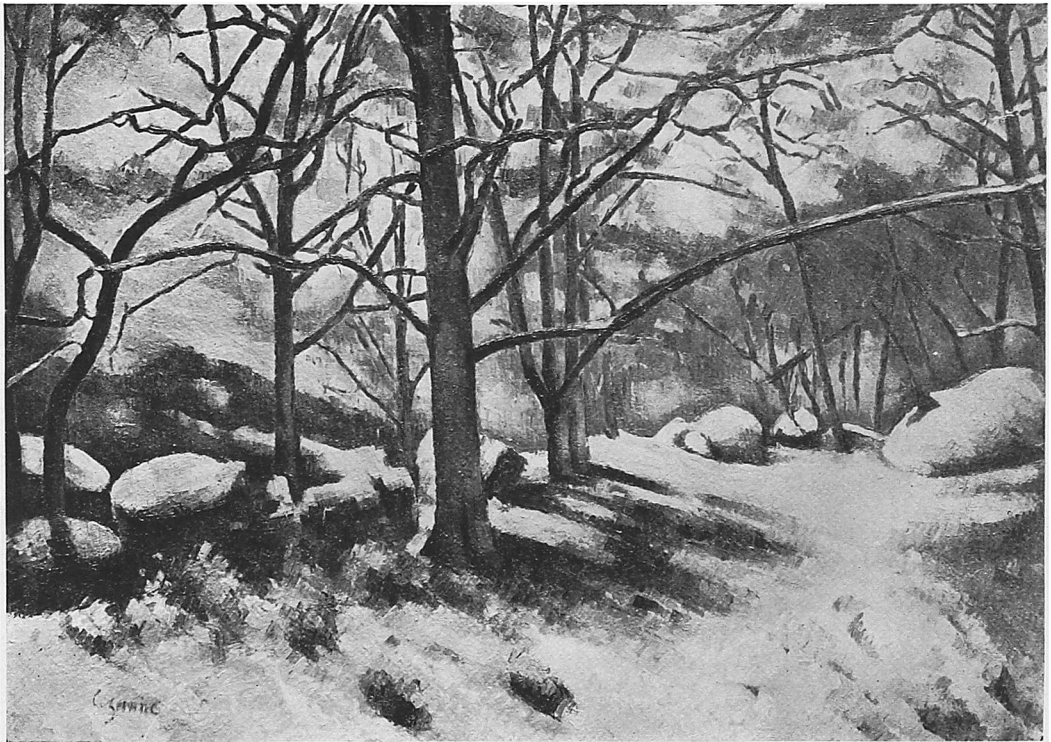
By THE EDITOR

IN view of the various exhibitions of the work of Paul Cézanne now being held in the east, it would seem that the FINE ARTS JOURNAL's efforts in 1913 to create an interest in impressionism, were, perhaps, a little too early. However, detailed reviews of Mr. Charles Louis Borgmeyer's great work, "The Master Impressionists," which originally appeared in serial form in this magazine, have made it well known to the discerning public both in this country and France. It became a classic the moment it appeared and we have no hesitation therefore in reproducing from it excerpts and illustrations in connection with reviews of the works of Paul Cézanne.

Mr. James Huneker, writing in the *New York Sun*, discusses Cézanne at length, and his impressions are herewith republished for the sake of their analytical and critical excellence. We cannot forget, however, that Mr. Borgmeyer undertook, as far back as 1913, to visualize for us this elusive genius, and in

reading Mr. Huneker's present article we can see how admirably Mr. Borgmeyer succeeded.

In neither case has there been any pretense of startling disclosures. Both critics have evidently made as careful a study of the available works of Cézanne as was possible under each man's opportunities. The result in each case is a frank appreciation of Cézanne's art. Perhaps because of the earlier effort and the accessibility of illustrations for use with his text Mr. Borgmeyer makes his subject appear more picturesque, more romantic and more vigorous. In any case we avail ourselves of Mr. Borgmeyer's courteous permission to illustrate Mr. Huneker's text with illustrations used in his book, "The Master Impressionists," and, since we know of no more logical or lucid discussions of the essential facts and problems which confronted the artists of this little pioneer band, viz., Manet, Claude Monet, Degas, Renoir, Pissaro, Sisley, Raffaëlli, Berthe Morisot, Armand Guilla-



*EFFET DE NEIGE*  
By Paul Cézanne

—Collection Claude Monet



*THE CARD PLAYERS*  
By Paul Cézanne

—Collection Pellerin



THE MOUNTAIN  
By Paul Cézanne

—Collection Vollard

min, Eva Gonzalès, and, of course, Paul Cézanne, than Mr. Borgmeyer's "The Master Impressionists," we republish from it such excerpts as relate to Cézanne.

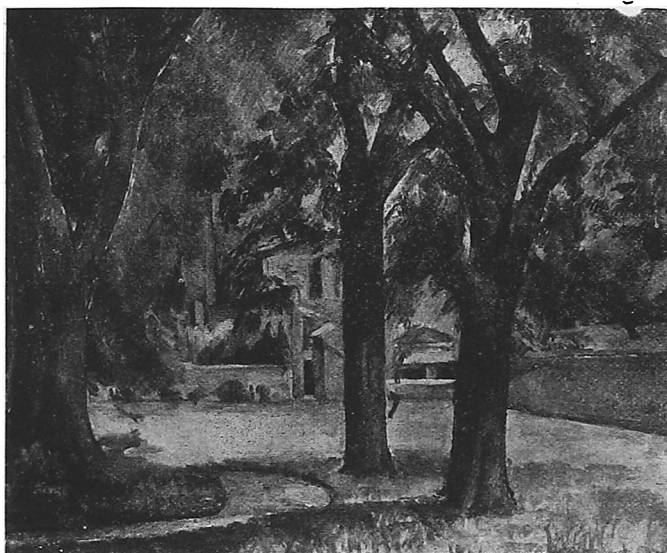
Huneker raises a question in the case of Paul Cézanne:

"Is he a stupendous nobody or a surpassing genius?" and further elucidates it as follows:

"The critical doctors disagree, an excellent omen for the reputation of the man from Provence. We do not discuss a corpse, and though Cézanne died in 1906 he is still a living issue among artists and writers. Every exhibition calls forth various comment; fair, unfair, ignorant and seldom just. Yet the Cézanne question is not so difficult to resolve. Like Brahms, the Frenchman is often misrepresented; Brahms, known now as a belated Romantic writing within the walls of accepted forms, neither a pedant nor a revolutionist; Cézanne, not a revolutionist, not an innovator, vastly interested in certain problems, has been made 'chef d'école' and fathered with a lot of theories which would send him into one of his famous rages if he could

hear them. Either a revolutionist or a plagiarist! cried Paul Gauguin—whose work was heartily detested by Cézanne; but truth is ever mediocre, whether it resides at the bottom of a well or swings on the cusps of the new moon. What is the truth about Cézanne? The question bobbed up last season and now this. His so-called followers raise a clamor over the banality of 'representation' in art, and their master is the one man in the history of art who squandered on canvas a startling evocation of actuality, whose nose was closest to the soil. Huysmans was called an 'eye' by Remy de Gourmont. Paul Cézanne is also an eye.

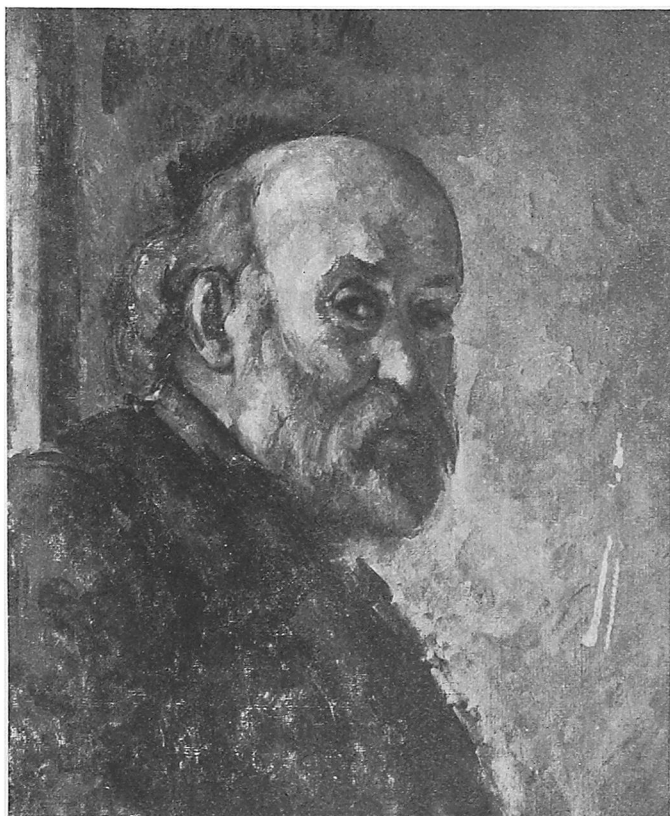
"In 1901 we saw at the Champs de Mars Salon a picture by Maurice Denis entitled 'Hommage à Cézanne,' the idea of which was manifestly inspired by Manet's *Hommage to Fantin-Latour*. The canvas depicted a still life by Cézanne on a chevalet and surrounded by Bonnard, Denis, Redon, Roussel, Serusier, Vuillard, Mellerio and Vollard. Himself (as they say in Ireland) is shown standing and apparently unhappy, embarrassed. Then came the brusque apotheosis



LE JAS DE BOUFFAU  
By Paul Cézanne

—Collection Vollard





SELF PORTRAIT  
By Paul Cézanne

—Collection Pellerin

of 1904 at the Autumn Salon, the most revelatory of his unique gift thus far made. Puvis de Chavannes had a special Salle, so had Eugene Carrière; Cézanne was given the place of honor. You may readily fancy the jockeying and official intrigues coupled with the wire pulling of interested picture dealers that went to secure this triumph. The critical press was hostile or half hearted. Poor Cézanne, with his naive vanity, seemed dazzled by the uproarious championship of 'les jeunes,' and, to give him credit for a peasant-like astuteness, he was rather suspicious and always on his guard. He stolidly accepted the frantic homage of the youngsters, looking all the while like a bourgeois Buddha. In *The Sun* of 1901, 1904 and 1906 (the latter the year of his death) appeared lengthy articles on Cézanne, among the first, if not the first, that were printed in this country. Since then he has been hoisted to the stars by his admirers, and with him have mounted his

prices. Why not? When juxtaposed with most painters his pictures make the others look like linoleum or papier maché.

"He did not occupy himself, as did Manet, with the manners, ideas and aspects of his generation. In the classic retort of Manet he could have replied to those who taunted him with not 'finishing' his pictures: 'Sir, I am not a historical painter.' Nor need we be disconcerted, in any estimate of him, by the depressing snobbery of collectors who don't know B from a bull's foot, but who go off at half trigger when a hint is dropped about the possibilities of a painter appreciating in a pecuniary sense. Cézanne is the painting idol of the hour, as were Manet and Monet a decade ago. These fluctuations must not distract us, because Cabanel, Bouguereau and Henner, too, were idolized once upon a time, and served to make a millionaire's holiday by hanging in his marble bathroom. It is the

undeniable truth that Cézanne has become a tower of strength in the eyes of the younger generation of artists that intrigues critical fancy. Sincerity is strength; Cézanne is sincere to the core; but even stark sincerity does not necessarily imply the putting forth of masterpieces. Before he attained his original synthetic power he patiently studied Delacroix, Courbet and several others. He has achieved the foundational structure of Courbet, but his pictures, so say his enemies, are sans composition, sans linear pattern, sans personal charm. 'Popularity is for dolls,' cried Emerson.

"Cézanne's was a twilight soul. And a humorless one. His early modeling in paint was quasi-structural. Always the architectural sense, though his rhythms are elliptical at times and he betrays a predilection for the asymmetrical. Nevertheless, a man who has given to an art in two dimensions the illusion of a third; tactile values are here raised to

the *n*th degree. His color is personal and rhythmic. Huysmans was clairvoyant when, nearly a half century ago, he spoke of Cézanne's work as containing the prodromes of a new art. He was absorbed in the handling of his material, not in the lyric, dramatic, anecdotic or rhetorical elements. His portraits are vital and charged with character.

"When you are young your foreground is huddled; it is the desire for more space that grows revolutionists, not unlike a big man elbowing his way in a crowd. Laudable then are all these sporadic outbursts; and while a creative talent may remain provincial, even parochial, as was the case with Cézanne, a critic must be cosmopolitan or nothing. An artist may stay rooted in his own bailiwick his life long, yet paint like an angel; but a provincial critic is a contradiction in terms. He reminds one of a razor so dull that it

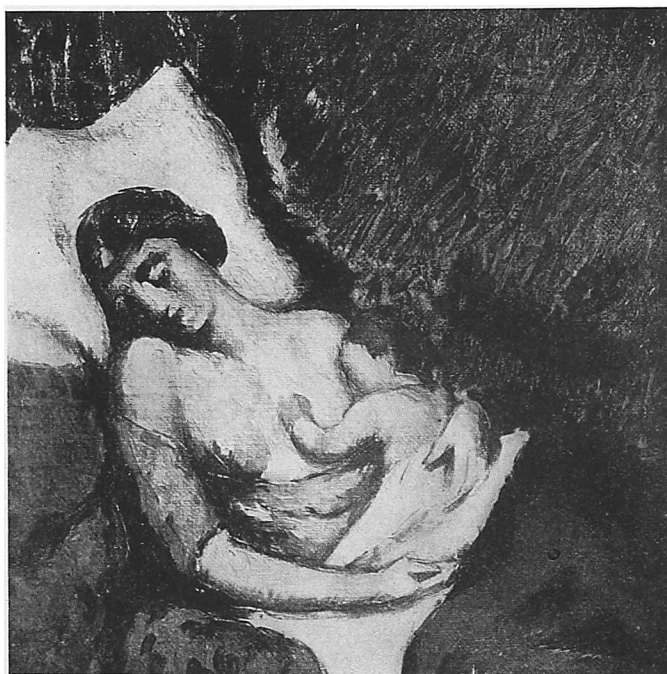
can't cut butter. Let us therefore be hospitable to new ideas; even Cabanel has his good points.

"The tang of the town is not in Cézanne's portraits of places. His leaden landscapes do not arouse to spontaneous activity a jaded retina fed on Fortuny, Monticelli or Monet. As for the groups of bathing women, how they must wound the sensibility of George Moore, Professor of Energy at the University of Erotica. It is related of the Empress Eugénie that in front of Courbet's 'Les Baigneuses' (Salon, 1853) she asked: 'Est-ce aussi une percheronne?' Of the heavy flanked Percheron breed of horse are the ladies on the canvases of Cézanne. The remark of the Empress appealed to the truculent vanity of Courbet. It might not have pleased Cézanne. With beauty, academic or operatic, he had no traffic. If you don't care



AUVERS: THE VALLEY  
By Paul Cézanne

—Collection Vollard



WOMAN AND CHILD  
By Paul Cézanne

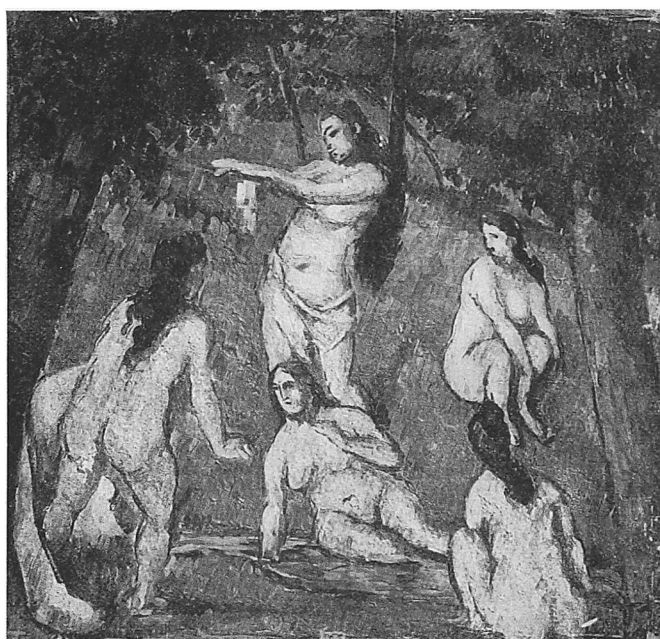
for his nudes you may console yourself that there is no disputing tastes—with the tasteless. They are uglier than the females of Degas, and twice as truthful.

"We have seen some of his still life pieces so acid in tonal quality as to suggest that divine dissonance produced on the palate by a slightly stale oyster, or akin to the rancid note of an oboe in a score by Stravinski. But what thrice subtle sonorities, what color chords are in his best work. I once wrote in the 'Promenades of an Impressionist' that his fruits and vegetables savor of the earth. Chardin interprets still life with realistic beauty; when he painted an onion it revealed a certain grace. Vollon would have dramatized it. When Cézanne painted one you smelt it. A feeble witticism, to be sure, but it registered the reaction on the sounding board of my sensibility.

"The supreme technical quali-

ties in Cézanne are volume, ponderability and his entrancing color scheme. What's the use of asking whether he is a 'sound' draughtsman? He is a master of edges and a magician in his tonalities. Huysmans spoke of his defective eyesight; but disease boasts its discoveries, as well as health. The abnormal vision of Cézanne gave him glimpses of a 'reality' denied to other painters. He advised Emile Bernard to look for the contrasts and correspondences of tones. He practiced what he preached. No painter was so little affected by personal moods, by those variations of temperament dear to the artist. Had Cézanne the 'temperament' that he was always talking about? If so, it was not decorative in the rhetorical sense. An unwearying experimenter, he seldom 'finished' a picture.

His morose landscapes were usually painted from one scene near his home at Aix. I visited the spot. The pictures do not resemble



THE BATHERS  
By Paul Cézanne





VILLAGE ON THE BANKS OF THE RIVER  
By Paul Cézanne

it; which simply means that Cézanne had the vision and I had not. His was a polyphonic brain. A few themes with variations filled his simple life. And he had the centripetal, not the centrifugal, temperament.

"In his rigid schematology there was no room for climate, personal charm, not even for sunshine. Think of the blazing blue sky and sun of Provence; the romantic, semi-tropical riot of its vegetation, its gamuts of green and scarlet, the search for this mellow richness and misty golden air in the pictures of our master. You won't find them, though a strange light permeates the entire series. He did not paint portraits of Provence, as did Daudet in 'Numa Roumestan,' or Bizet in 'L'Arlesienne.' He sought for profounder meanings. The superficial, the facile, the brilliant, repelled him. Not that he was an 'abstract' painter—as the jargon goes. He was eminently concrete. He plays a legitimate 'trompe d'oeil' on the optic nerve. His is not a pictorial illustration of Provence, but the slow, patient delineation by a geologist of art of a certain hill on old Mother Earth,

shamelessly exposing her bare ribs, bald rocky pate and graveled feet. The illusion is not to be escaped. As drab as the orchestration of Brahms, and as austere in linear economy; and as analytical as Stendhal or Ibsen, Cézanne never becomes truly lyrical except in his still life. Upon an apple he lavishes his palette of smothered jewels. And, as all things are relative, an onion for him is as beautiful as a naked woman.

"The chiefest misconception of Cézanne is that of the theoretical fanatics who not only proclaim him their chief of school, which may be true, but also declare him to be the greatest painter that ever wielded a brush since the Byzan-

tines. The nervous, shrinking man I saw at Paris would have been astounded at some of the things printed since his death; while he yearned for the publicity of the official Salon (as did Zola for a seat in the Academy) he disliked notoriety. He loved work, above all, solitude. He took with him a fresh batch of canvases every morning and trudged to his pet landscapes, the 'Motive' he called it, and it was there that he slaved away with



THE PLAIN AT AIX  
By Paul Cézanne



THE JUDGMENT OF PARIS  
By Paul Cézanne

technical heroism, though he didn't kill himself with his labors as some of his fervent disciples have asserted. He died of unromantic diabetes. He was personally a 'crank' in the truest sense of that short, ugly word. When I first saw him he was a queer, sardonic old gentleman in ill fitting clothes, with the shrewd, suspicious gaze of a provincial notary. A rare impersonality, I should say.

"There is a lot of inutile talk about 'significant form' by propagandists of the New Æsthetic. As if form has not always been significant. No one can deny Cézanne's preoccupation with form; nor Courbet's either. Consider the Ornans landscapes, with their somber flux of forest, by the coarsest realist among French painters (he seems hopelessly romantic to our sharper modern mode of envisaging the world); there is 'significant form,' and a solid, structural sense. But Cé-

zanne quite o'ercrows Courbet in his feeling for the massive. Sometimes you can't see the ribs because of the skeleton.

"Goethe has told us that because of his limitations we may recognize the master. The limitations of Paul Cézanne are patent to all; but his gift is not so easy to define. He is a profound investigator, and if he did not deem it wise to stray far from the territory he called his own then we should not complain, for therein he was monarch of all he surveyed. His nonconformism defines his genius. Imagine reversing musical history and finding Johann Sebastian Bach following Richard Strauss! The idea seems monstrous. Yet this, figuratively speaking, constitutes the case of Cézanne. He arrived after the classic, romantic, impressionistic, symbolic schools. He is a primitive, not made, like Puvis, but one born to a crabbed simplicity. His veiled,

cool harmonies recall the throb of a deep bass organ pipe. Oppositional splendor is there, and the stained radiance of a Bachian chorale. The music flows like a secret, serene spring.

"What poet asked: 'When we drive out from the cloud of steam majestic white horses, are we greater than the first men, who led black ones by the mane?' Why can't we be truly catholic in our taste? The heaven of art contains many mansions, and the rainbow more colors than one. Paul Cézanne will be remembered as a painter who respected his material, and as a painter, pure and complex. No man who wields a brush need wish a more enduring epitaph."

"Cézanne," says Mr. Borgmeyer, "painted what he saw, no abstract sentiments, no emotions. A painter by instinct, untrained, faulty as a draftsman. In a great measure it is due to his peculiar drawing that the reproach of

carelessness in one of the first essentials of art was called down upon the whole group. Nevertheless, Cézanne was honest, and his very honesty sometimes makes a greater impression upon us than the finer gifts of many other men.

"The quality of the painting in itself, in which Cézanne's superiority lies, is beyond most of us to see. The features that we do see appear to be little less than monstrous. His best work is to be found in his still-life, exact studies of nature, exact sometimes to excess. Often his cups do not stand in their saucers, and his bottles are tipsy; his fruit and dishes are sliding from the table, and suggest the beginning of an earthquake. His attempts have been earnestly made, and we feel that they should be met in the same spirit. At the same time it must be owned that we feel like agreeing with Puvis de Chavannes



THE BRIDGE AT MELUN  
By Paul Cézanne

—Collection Vollard



AUVERS: THE VILLAGE  
By Paul Cézanne

—Collection Vollard

when he tells his pupil to 'First of all place your scene so that it does not dance, that is the first demand of the eye; after that you can embellish,' etc.

"Duret, in speaking of Cézanne, says, 'The distinctive and isolated nature of Cézanne's art was due, first of all, to the circumstance that he had never received a regular course of training in any of the *ateliers* of the famous painters of the day. Hence his style appeared unusual. Cézanne, by his unique and very pronounced style, gave a violent shock to the public taste. He was before all things a painter; his drawing had none of the rigidity of lines and contours which was to be found in the works of other artists. His method was peculiar to himself; he applied touches to the canvas, first side by side, then one upon the other. In certain cases it may even be said that he plastered his pictures.

For those who had eyes to see, the different planes, the contours, the modeling, disengaged themselves from the juxtaposition and superposition of touches of color, but for others they remained confused in a uniform mixture of color. To those who only understand drawing under the form of an arrangement of fixed and precise lines, he did not draw at all.

"'One quality his pictures have of very high merit; it is the value of the pigment in and for itself, the strength and harmony of the color. Now Cézanne's pictures offer a range of color of great intensity and of extreme luminosity. From this the picture derives a strength independent of the subject, so much so that a still life of a few apples and a napkin on a table assumes a kind of grandeur, in the same degree that a human head or a landscape with sea would.'

"Cézanne stands forth as a big figure in modern art, judge his art as we may. We are compelled to pause before his grim and resolute interpretation from which all emotion is banished, and are forced to admit his unrelenting strength and directness, although it may not be altogether pleasant to us.

"He shows us the backbone and the skeleton of a bit of nature, and while his version of nature is a powerful one, often a cruel, uncompromising statement of bald facts, it is too austere to charm. There is no joy or gaiety in it.

"Cézanne's offering to Impressionism was neutral color, and it was a great gift. He used the neutral color purple, as a compromise of red and blue. Some Cézanne faddists—and there are Cézanne faddists for fair—say he is the founder of the whole school, but, after all, he represents but a section of the movement, and all fads are exaggerations of

a section. By this I mean that the average man or faddist would try to make, for example, a thing appear forcibly under a green, an orange or a purple light, while a genius makes it take its place among the others as a whole, to make a unit. A genius is generally a complete article, while a faddist may be likened to the man who uses one finger instead of the whole hand.

"There is no denying that Cézanne's independent effort exercised a very notable influence on the Impressionists' evolution. His simplification of colors, surprising in a painter who was so in love with reality and analysis as was Cézanne, his luminous shadows, delicately tinted, made a valuable addition to the common fund.

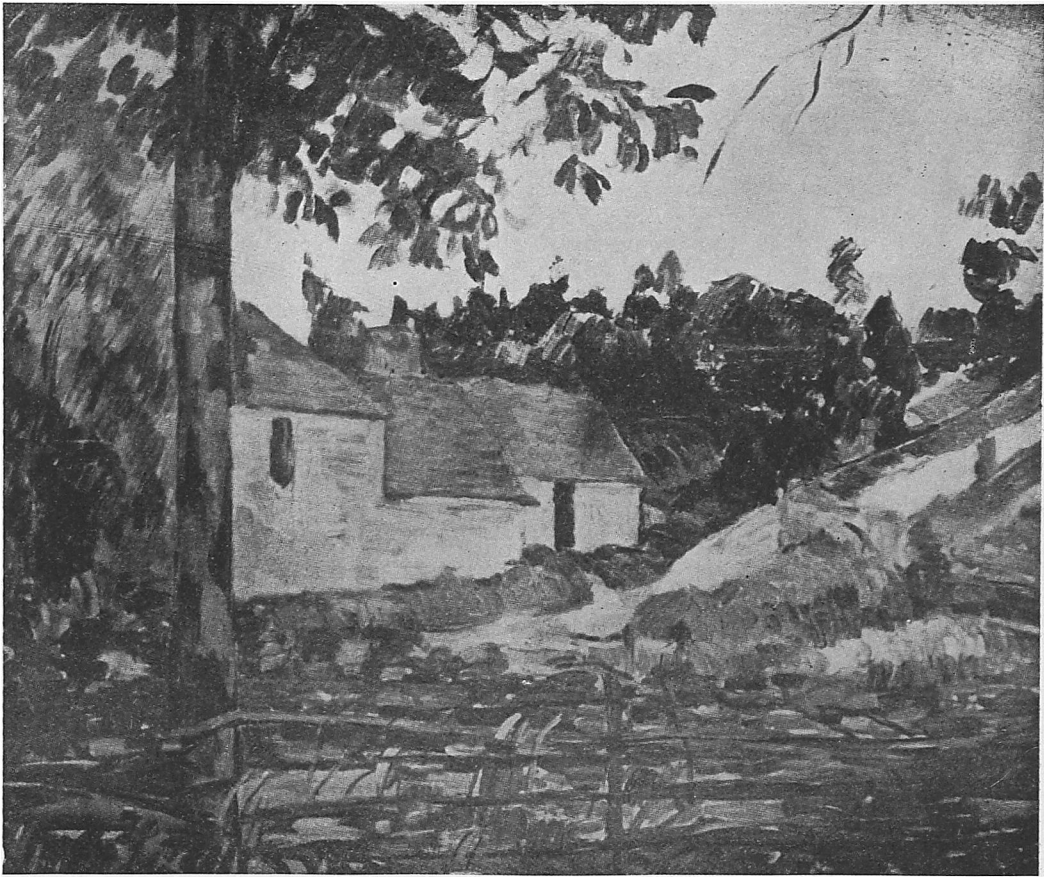
"Cézanne was the last to be received by the public with favor, and then his public was made up of artists and connoisseurs who placed him in the front rank.



STILL LIFE  
By Paul Cézanne

—Collection Joseph Hessel





LANDSCAPE  
By Paul Cézanne

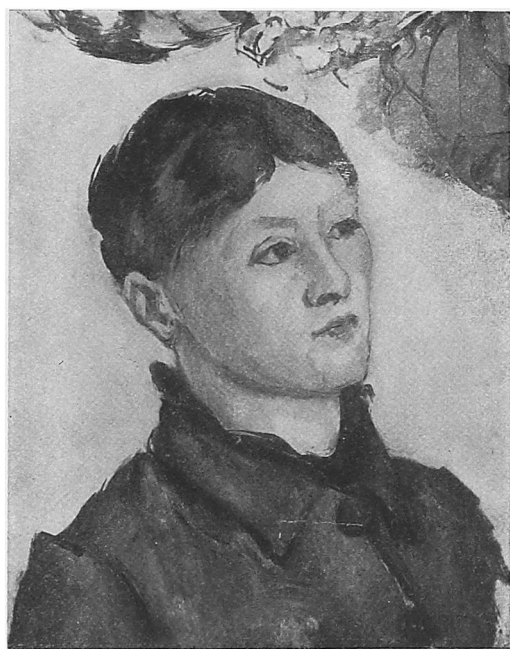
"In Cézanne's estate at Aix was a little park that he went to every afternoon, rain or shine, during the last years of his life. For years he painted the landscape of low mountain and beautiful valley that he could see from this park. He called it his motif. A week before his death he was in the park, painting in the rain, when he had a sudden chill, and had to be carried home. Two days after he was back again, putting the finishing touches to a portrait of an old sailor. Again he was taken ill and carried home, this time to be put in bed, but the passion of painting was so strong in this seventy-year-old man that up he would jump and put a touch here and there on a water-color that he kept at the side of his bed. He literally died with a brush in his hand.

"It is almost a relief to get back to Cé-

zanne's 'harsh and glaring ugliness, to his bright and discordant color, antagonistic to the accepted canons of beauty, yet opening avenue of vision and emotion palpitating with vivacity even if they lead only to precipices.' That sounds fine; here is some more. 'Massive and well-balanced. He feels the empty spaces. Instantaneous first impression of life. Cézanne's great quality is his equilibrium.' (It seems to me his knife and apples have that quality rather than he.) The enthusiasm for Cézanne is like a disease or a new religion. It grows and grows until Cézannites see his influence in the whole world of painting and use him as a rule to measure all other work by. We will hear more of Cézanne in America during the next few years than we have as yet. The disease is spreading, but does not take with everyone.

Some people, critics among them, still see red when they think of his work and speak of the shameful nullity of his canvases, the hate and triviality with which he treats his nude. 'His unformed nudities and savagely rustic portraits belong on the bargain counter of a dry goods shop,' one man wrote recently. Another said, 'Cézanne could never have been a leader; the less said of him and his painting the better. He was quietly buried and passing into oblivion; this rapid exhumation and exhibition of soulless remains reeks of the odors of commercial charlatantry. Let us leave the noisome thing to the resurrectionists and those hirelings who get what they can out of it; there is healthier work among the quick.'

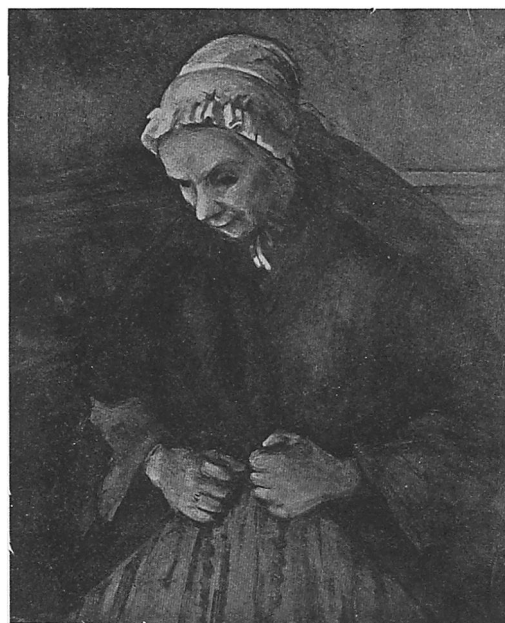
"There seems but one thing to do about Cézanne's work, and that is to form one's own opinion, remembering that he worked out a means of expression which, though hinted at by many an artist before him, had never before been systematized. Many of his most appreciated elements were brought together in this exhibition; nine or ten landscapes that, to me, showed his understanding of construction, but also his fatality to leave it unaccomplished.



PORTRAIT OF MADAME CÉZANNE

By Paul Cézanne

—Collection Vollard



WOMAN WITH THE BEADS

By Paul Cézanne

—Collection M. E. Druet

"His three portraits were of three widely different types of people; the one of himself was a good piece of realism, where the handling undeniably helped the uncanny character of the head. His flowers and anything but the still-life we have spoken of. There were eight of them, dating from the time when Manet's influence dominated, to the hour when his own somber azures and sad purples made them easily recognizable as coming from his palette.

"I have talked a great deal about Cézanne but do not know that at any time have I suggested that he was not in perfect accord with the Impressionists, or that his standpoint was different from theirs. In their meetings at the Café Guerbois he often grew dissatisfied with himself, feeling that he was wandering too far from the principles of the greatest art of the past, and when they argued that painting had not as yet been born, he would disagree with them and wander off to the Louvre by himself, where he would strengthen his faith in the men whose work seemed imperishable to him. He was of the Master Impressionists only during a transitory period. About 1873, when he was working with Pissarro out of doors, he commenced to develop



*AUTOPSY*  
By Paul Cézanne

—Collection Pellerin

a range of color that was strong, unexpected and absolutely original. By 1877 he was a Cézanne who was regarded with horror by the public.

"In 1879, after having endured every indignity that the public could throw upon him, he left Paris, unhappy, discouraged, feeling that the more he understood the less was he understood even by his friends. Among these friends who ranked him as master were Pissarro, Claude Monet, Renoir and Guillaumin.

"Just about this time, when it seemed as if the whole art world had gone over to the masters who worshipped light, when the clever graduation of colors, influenced by light, was taught in all the academies, and light was the principal personage in each picture, there arose a certain reaction, an agitation below the surface.

"Cézanne is always spoken of as one of the three who were the leaders in this movement that has recently been called Post Impressionism. It is certain that Paul Gauguin and Vincent Van Gogh, the other two, owe

much to him, although Cézanne said of Gauguin that he misunderstood him and travestied his thought.

"It was only a few years ago that the actual name of Post-Impressionist was given to the movement of which Cézanne, Gauguin and Van Gogh are the sponsors. There was held at that time in London an exhibition of their work with that of Henri Matisse, leader of the contemporary movement. This London exhibition was followed by another this year, and so soon has the eye accustomed itself to new ways of seeing that this exhibition looks less sensational than the last, almost to the point where the conventions of Cézanne, Gauguin and Van Gogh seem positively simple, especially in comparison with what has been sprung upon the public very recently by their offspring. Pages and pages have been written, days and nights have been consumed in discussions over what the Post-Impressionists are trying to do. We have not the time today to even mention the names of those who are in the Post-Impressionist wagon."



*THE CARD PLAYERS*  
*By Paul Cézanne*

—Collection Pellerin